Numb. 28.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, Auguſt the 9th. 1681.

Earn. WELL! they may talk of *Jews*, *Turks*, *Pagans*, *Infidels*, *Canibals*, *Man-eaters*, *Killraps*, and the Devil and all, if they pleaſe; but if they ſample *This*, they ſhall have it for nothing.

Jeſt. What's all this about? have you found out Antichriſt pray y'e?

Earn. I cannot tell what I have found, but it would be called a *true Proteſtant*, and it is the thing that was made the Mouth of the Party the other day, in defiance of Truth, Loyalty, Reaſon, common Honeſty and Conſcience, to ſpeak that great word *Ignoramus*, and the firſt letter of its Name is *W*——.

Jeſt. I thought you had done with thoſe Tools, pray what new Provocation has the Thing given you?

Earn. Will you hear the ſtory? I cannot in Conſcience conceal any thing that may advance the Reputation of Mr. *Ignoramus*.

Jeſt. Well! but firſt is it true?

Earn. For that, I can only ſay it was juſtified for truth at the *Chancery-Bar*.

Jeſt. Nay if it be matter of *Equity*, let's have a Report of it, pray good Maſter.

Earn. Well then, thus it was: One Mr. *Pix*, I think his name was, for good and valuable conſiderations him thereunto moving lends to one *Ignoramus W.*——, the ſum of ninety pounds of good and lawful money of *England*: and not long after goes to Sea, and has the misfortune to be taken, and made a ſlave by the *Algerines*.

Jeſt. What? and I warrant you, *W.*—— would not pay the Debt, to help to ranſom him.

Earn. That had been but a Common trick of *Conſcience*; no Sir, to intitle him to the Credit of being Foreman of a *true Proteſtant Jury*, he muſt have a more than ordinary *Conſcience*, I aſſure you.

Jeſt. Come, let's ſee this new-faſhion'd *Conſcience*, what ſtuff is it made of?

Earn. It is a kind of a Motley ſtuff woven of *Jew*, *Turk*, and *Renegado*.

Jeſt. Ay, there's a *Conſcience* for the purpoſe, fit for a Trader in *Hemp*, *Flax*, and *Ignoramus*, but let's hear the Exploit.

Earn. Why Sir, the man being thus provided of a choice tender *Conſcience*, in the firſt place reſolved never to pay this ninety pound, as being a very material ſcruple, and againſt his *Conſcience*, and therefore unlawful.

Jeſt. God bleſs us all! there's a *Conſcience!*

Earn. Secondly, and in order to that, he reſolved, that his Creditor ſhould never come out of that miſerable ſlavery, and by conſequence never be able to recover his Debt.

Jeſt. Well! When the Devil ſets a man down the Hill, I find its hard ſtopping till he comes at the bottom; but pray go on.

Earn. Why, then in the laſt place his *Conſcience* comes after mature deliberation, to the point of Execution; and therefore either writes himſelf, or which is the ſame thing, procures Letters to be writ to the *Jews* in *Algiers*, (who by the way with their Correſpondents in *England* have done us as much miſchief by their intelligence as the *Turks*) in which Letters he gives an Eſtimate of his Creditors Eſtate, treble the value of what it was, *bonâ fide*.

Jeſt. So then, he concluded that would do his work.

Earn. He knew thoſe mercileſs Rogues would not only ſet ſuch a Ranſom upon him as he was never able to pay, but uſe him with all the cruelty imaginable, by making his ſlavery inſupportable to force him to procure his Ranſom; ſo that he made full account, that he had ſecured him a ſlave for his life, and that their Cruelties would make that life a ſhort one, and that then the ninety pound would be his own.

Jeſt. Well! I defie all *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa* and *America*, to produce any thing more barbarous, or to pattern this Foreman's *Conſcience*. Well, I believe this made *Hickeringill* print his *Extempore* Sermon of the *Horrid Sin of Man-catching*, have you ſeen it?

Earn. Have a care what you ſay of him, he'l ſpit *Greek* in your Face, if you vex him.

Jeſt. *Greek*, quothe, nay then we ſhall ne'r have done, *Quis expedivit pſittaco ſuum χαιρε?* a *Greek* Parrot I vow, he cries nothing but *Walk*, *Knave*, and *a Rope for Parrot*, and *Rogue*, *Rogue*, *Rogue*, meaning himſelf, which he knows beſt; I'le bring you an Oyſter-woman ſhall talk *Greek* with him for his Ears.

Jeſt. Well! I ſay again have a care of *Gregory Father Greybeard*, or *Curſe ye Meroz*, or the *Tarpaulin*, *Anabaptiſtico-church of England-Fanatico-antiphanatico*, *Greek-ſpeaking*, *Biſhop-confounding*, *Court-diſſolving*, *Pulpit-Hectoring miſo-man-catching-Shamplot-diſcovering*, *ranting*, *tearing*, *blundering*, *thundering*, *Edm. Hick* of *Colcheſter*; he'l clapperclaw you, and ſwinge you with *Naked Truth* and all that, if you meddle with him.

Jeſt. Nay, if he does not throw his Sermon at my head, and break my Pate with a Feather, I fear him not; the Rogue is ſo perfect a Weathercock,

that

that I'le puſh him about and ſet his Head where his Tail ſtood.

Earn. You are a valiant Man, that dare talk at this rate, now he has got upon *Frank Smith*'s Elephant, and is rebaptized into a *True Proteſtant*.

Jeſt. Pray do but obſerve his Motions; the Thing read ſomething before the Lord Mayor, againſt the Fanaticks, which he thought would have mounted him into the middle Region of Preferment at leaſt, but the ſober Church of *England*, diſliking ſuch unbecoming Buffonry from a Pulpit, he miſſed his hopes.

Earn. I remember, the Fanaticks call'd him then all the Rogues in the Rainbow, I ſaw ſuch a Winding ſheet for his Reputation, as outwent the *Engliſh Rogue*, or *Dangerfield*, before his Converſion.

Jeſt. Well: the Tool begun upon this diſappointment to huff and ſwell, and having a bag of Venom under his Tongue, he ſpits it in the Face of the Eccleſiaſtical Juriſdiction, and then who but *Hick?* the *Miter*, *Elephant*, *Goat*, and *Dick* proclaim him a Saint, who but juſt before, was worſe than a Devil.

Earn. Oh! the power of *Frank Smith*'s Waſh, he can ſcrub a *Negro* till he's as white as a penny; but pray go on.

Jeſt. Hick having in the heat of *Greek* and Revenge, gives the juſtle to the Law of the Land; upon which, *Cook* in his Reports gave him a Cuff on the Ear that fell'd him, he began to fear he was in the wrong Box, and that the *Courts* ſtood upon better ground than he did in his Rectory. What does me he, but preſently falls in with the Root and Branch-Crew of *Baptiſts* and *Fans*, and to prevent his own puniſhment, reſolves to help to pull down the Power that he fears.

Earn. That's the very Caſe of all the Whiggs, who for all their pretended Love, and even Dotage upon *Parliaments*, value them the leaſt of all mankind. There is never a day they riſe to go to a Conventicle, in which they do not break a matter of twenty or thirty Acts of Parliament, and therefore no wonder if they endeavour to pull down the Power of thoſe Laws which they fear and hate.

Jeſt. Well, if they be there with their Bears, we'l be at them with our Dogs, let them not think they ſhall run away with whole ſhoulders; you ſee the number is not either ſmall or inconſiderable, who are reſolved to ſtand by his Majeſty in defence of the Laws, their Liberties and the Proteſtant Religion as it is *now by Law Eſtabliſhed*, and I am perſuaded we have a brave Loyal ſtock coming on, who will ere long come to be Freemen and that the Whiggs ſhall not always Rule the Roaſt, nor the Cuſtards and Veniſon Paſty's neither.

Earn. Have you ſeen the *Character of a Tory?*

Jeſt. Yes, and 'tis as like *Franck Smith* upon his Elephant, and *Hick*, ranting againſt Sham-plots and Man-catching, as if they had ſat for the Picture.

Earn. Sure you miſtake.

Jeſt. No, the Painter miſtook, for he meant it for a Devil, and it proves the exact Face of old *Graybeard* traveſti'd and riding with his Face towards the Tail of *Franks* Elephant, with a paper in his hand, called *Naked Truth*, ſhewing the moſt compendious method, how, under pretence of *Liberty*, *Property* and *Proteſtant Religion*, to ſet up the *Free-ſtate* of Slavery in the Common-wealth, and *Anabaptiſtical*, *Schiſmatical Anarchy* in the Church.

Earn. Now you put me in mind on't, *Hick*, in the Poſtſcript to his *Man-catching*, has two or three mighty ſweetning Paragraphs about the Juſtice and excellent Government of a *Common-wealth*, who ſuffer neither Bar-gowns, nor Button-gowns.

Jeſt. A right ſpecial Rogue! what, againſt both Law and Goſpel? I find he's damnably over-run with the love of *Naked Truth*, which makes him hate all Gowns, and yet he wears one to hide ſomething that every body ſees.

Earn. It is very pretty to ſee how ſome people labour to make us in love with a free State or *Common-wealth*, which puts me in mind of a certain Zealot, who thought certainly a neighbouring Republique was the very Paradiſe of the Proteſtant Religion, being bleſt with ſuch Variety, and Toleration; a freque takes him in the Crown and away goes he over to Sea; and lo, when he came there, up he gets on the *Sunday morning* to go to Church; when he came juſt at the Porch, a Cooper was as buſie, Rat a tat, Rat a tat, hooping Tubs, as if there had been no ſuch thing as a fourth Commandment. Well, in he went, the Congregation went on in their way and the Cooper in his, ſo that he was wonderfully hindered from Edifying. Well, as he came came home, he enquired if that was cuſtomary; and was informed nothing more common, and that if the Magiſtrates ſay any thing to them, they preſently tell them, they cannot pay Taxes without working, and they muſt work when a Job comes in.

Jeſt. Ay, Marry Sir, This is the *Liberty of Conſcience* that ſome people would be at.

Earn. Nay, this is that to which *Liberty of Conſcience* comes at laſt; firſt, ſome Religion; next, any tooth good Barber, any Religion; and at laſt e'en no Religion at all. But when do you go to the Wells?

Jeſt. Troth, I am not yet fully Reſolved upon the matter; I confeſs I have a great mind to have one friſk upon the Green, with his Grace and the Ladies.

Earn. Be ſure you do not wear Scarlet, that's the mark of Toryiſm.

Jeſt. Why? I heard one that came from the Wells ſay his Grace wore Scarlet, and made the Ladies ſwear at the ſight on't, it look'd ſo hot.

Earn. And becauſe he does, you that have no Grace muſt wear it too. But ſure that was a miſtake for the *Character of a Tory*, tells you, *his mark is a red Ribband, to ſhew that he belongs to the Scarlet whore.*

Jeſt. I vow 'tis a ſaucy Fellow, I ſhall take the liberty to acquaint his Grace, how bold ſome people make with him, to reflect thus upon Scarlet, a Colour to which he has a Fancy, and which therefore ought to be treated more reſpectfully.

Earn. Well! I hope you'l be ſo kind to give me a line or two when you are gone.

Jeſt. Never fear; I am old Dog at *billet doux* and Letters of Friendſhip, Intrigue, and the like; but Sir, then you muſt keep up the Correſpondency, and let me hear what becomes of the *Joyner*, *Whittacre* and *Whittington*'s Cat, *&c.* how Mr. *Mayor*, *Dick Implument*, the *Elephants* and old *Graybeard*, alias Young *Hick*, do; for they are all in the Road to preferment, and will have it at long run, but if poſſible I'le ſee you again before I go, and we'l ha' th' other Crack.

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